

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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UNITY.

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Editorial.

THE Saturday Morning Club of Boston, is to give a dramatic representation of the Greek play, "Antigone," all the parts to be taken by ladies.

JOHN CALVIN desired Michael Servetus to say "Jesus Christ thou eternal Son of God; he refused, but said, "Jesus Christ thou Son of the eternal God," and died a martyr.

THE numerous friends of Rev. Florence Kollock of the Universalist Church, Englewood, will be glad to hear of the mark of confidence and appreciation bestowed on her at the last annual meeting of the society, in the shape of an advanced salary.

THE Bohemians of Chicago are about to erect a monument to the memory of John Huss, a counterpart of that in Bohemia. Several Bohemian societies have joined in the enterprise, which was first conceived by J. V. Matejka, a writer on one of the Bohemian newspapers of the city. The monument is to be placed in Douglas Park.

A KEEPER in one of our State prisons was lately asked what class of prisoners gave him most trouble, and his reply was, the sneak thieves. He added that the murderers, or the "lifers," were the easiest to control and of the best disposition. This confirms Dante, who punishes sins of passion in the upper circle of the Inferno, classifying as most dangerous to the body politic, and most degrading to the individual, the sins of craft and design. Treachery is the worst sin, because it is the result of deliberation, not of impulse. There may

be a large degree of manliness underneath the passionate impulse, which, in a moment of fury strikes another dead; while the sly, cowardly nature of the man who robs us of our spoons and overcoats, may be much more difficult to reach, and hopeless of cure.

A YOUNG minister sends this pathetic word in a private letter. We fear the condition described is not confined to Unitarian churches, or limited by geographical lines: "I have not preached in New England pulpits for three and one-half years without learning the apathetic condition of many of our churches, and the self complacency of many Unitarians; the two go together, and form an appalling obstacle to a progressive and enthusiastic spirit."

REV. C. H. MERRILL is quoted in *The Advance* as officially stating that one-half the pulpits in the State of Vermont are vacant; and those which are filled pay their ministers less than in any other part of the country. Even the native born New England stock, has for the most part stopped going to church. Evidently the true religion, the indispensable faith has not yet been offered to that people.

No union among Christian churches is possible so long as the present confusion of mind exists as to what "Christian" means. In the same breath they say it means good conduct and sound doctrine; a sweet spirit and a certain theology; a life like that of Jesus and orthodox views of his rank and office. Say one or the other—creed or character—and the problem would be simplified. William R. Thayer in the *Open Court*, says, that "the Unitarian who denies the divinity of Christ cannot consistently be called a Christian."

THE *Standard* (Baptist) thinks that human standards of doctrine which cannot be revised, which are *binding*, are a good deal worse than useless. "Some formulation of Christian doctrine most persons regard as desirable, as a guide, and as a basis of fellowship; but the time has gone by, as we suppose, when such statements of accepted doctrine are to be received as in any strict sense authoritative." So it would seem. All questions in theology are open questions. But many persons have found it far otherwise in fact, however inviting the theory.

UNITARIANS and other liberals will be interested in the completion of a colossal statue to Thomas Starr King, by Daniel Chester French, of New York. The statue is in bronze, and will be placed in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. The figure is standing, with paper in hand, as if about to speak. It is said the artist has successfully overcome great natural difficulties in his subject, the slight and boyish frame of the famous preacher not lending itself easily to sculpture. What a fine title is that which this man bears, and will continue to wear through years to come, as the man "who saved California to the Union."

THE *Universalist Herald* says "the conception of God as absolutely ethical, is more and more dominating the leading thinkers of the church. It is not the idea of God as infinite, or as first cause, arbitrary will, or absolute sovereignty, but of God as ethical to the centre of his being, that is the ruling idea of the theological mind of the present day. * * * Holiness and love are the essence of his being." True, and the reason is not far to seek.

Man's conception of God is but the projected ideal of himself, clothed upon with the might and reach of infinity. As ethical consciousness in man develops, so will his idea of divinity take on more and more the thought of moral beauty and perfection.

NOTHING can be more encouraging to intelligent lovers of the drama than a sentiment recently expressed by the celebrated English actor, Wilson Barrett: "I claim that the theater is not merely a place of amusement. It should be a place of instruction." And he adds that the highest compliment he ever received came from Ruskin, who, after attending the performance of Claudian three times, wrote the actor, warmly praising it, and saying "Every line of morality taught in it is entirely right."

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT, in relating some of the experiences of his early years, says:

"To be religious, I thought, was to try to do right, to fail, to be sorry, and to hope that, for Christ's sake, a strict God would relax a little his strictness and let me off. Where this idea came from I cannot tell. Certainly not from my father, who was both liberal and spiritual in his theology. I suspect it is a survival, not of Puritanism, but of that Paganism which is inherent in us all."

Why is not this Calvinism? We are to be let off and go scot free, because Jesus has paid the debt. In how many Orthodox Sunday-schools rings out every Sunday the hymn:

"Jesus paid it all;
All to him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow."

A FRIEND in a neighboring denomination, himself fighting valiantly the battle of progress, thus tries to state our faith for us. "You still believe in the All Father, in man's dominant spirituality, that the chief thing is to save men here and now, to put morality first whether obtained by faith or doubt, by prayer or suffering, by discipleship or culture. You say religion is not for its own sake, it must be useful. You love God, because you believe His real name is Self-forgetfulness, and prayer is one of the elements in the earth, for earth's purity. You have not lost faith in the power of prayer, hope, reverence." Add to this that fullness of faith and restful trust that comes to the soul living in the thought of righteousness as the ultimate fact of spirit, the final aim of man, and sign of the mysterious presence of God consciously manifest in the soul.

NOTHING is more common than the ready and plausible excuses of lack of time and weariness from the day's occupation, offered by business men for neglect of reading and all intellectual pursuits. In a recent address before one of the literary clubs of the city, Mr. D. L. Shorey pointed out the fallacy of this line of reasoning, and the dangers both to society and to the man who gains it of mere material success, unaccompanied with interest in any other sort of achievements. In illustration of the principle of decay such success often carries along with it, the speaker called attention to the fact that of the few families, who, forty years ago, dominated the social and business circles of Chicago, not one has a distinguished representative living to-day. This shows the wasted opportunity that frequently accompanies outward success. "It is time," says Mr. Shorey, "that we cease to measure each other by false standards. Life is a success when controlled by probity and intelligence... There are few men in any walk of life

who cannot spare two hours a day for intellectual culture." Indolence and indifference lie at the bottom of neglect to do this, in very many cases, not lack of time and opportunity.

A YOUNG lawyer who had passed through the schools and known the deep travail of one who has journeyed on thought's road out of the old faith into the new, in a recent plea for the Western Conference, claimed to speak for a great body of young men, in saying that the church we want, is the church that professes little and does much; that does not expend its energies in controversy, but saves its strength for right doing. Of such a church it might be said, "Before Jehovah was, I am," for it is founded upon the rock of human necessity. A former reformation came in the change from a logical Pope to an illogical Luther; that needed to-day is a change from a theological dogma to a humanitarian religion, where ostracism, for opinion's sake, becomes absolutely impossible, because the church is not based on opinions, but on love, having a purpose which opinions may serve, but must not dominate.

LIBERTY HALLS.

In these days growing thought often calls for new words. Our ears are becoming familiar with the words "Civics" and "Economics." Perhaps we may come to the need of some such a word as "Patriotics," meaning those things that make for zeal, enthusiasm, heroism as related to the welfare of society. We must make more patriots before we can safely increase the responsibilities of office. We must have more character before we can break down the reign of the partisan in politics, or that financial ghoul who organizes his combines, and manages his crushing trusts in business. We must have more of Paul and Jesus, before we can have much more of Bellamy and George; and when the reign of Jesus and Paul comes, it will either bring the measures these men ask for, or else show that they are not wise or needed. It is an old story and a slow way, but still the freshest gospel and the most unpopular politics is that of the Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount. A little over a year ago we pleaded for that better education that would extend the dominion of the Public School Boards and make them and the teachers they employ, general guardians of public intelligence, and in some free way, administrators of a public instruction that shall reach through the years from four to eighty, and through every day in the week and every hour in the day. We afterwards pleaded for the American flag over every public school building in the United States, and on Washington's birthday, 1888, the present writer took part in the exercises that gave to the breeze the stars and stripes over the Lewis school in Englewood, which was done with the sanction and official action of the board of instruction. We think this must have been the first formal and authoritative action of this kind. Since then the American flag has been raised over every school building in Chicago by public authority and we believe several states are trying to make it a matter of state requirement.

The next step forward in the development of the American idea is the erection, by public taxation, in every city, town and hamlet of Liberty Halls, that will become as familiar objects in the

American landscape as the school-house, railway station and post-office. These halls must be built for the public, managed as parks are managed, by the public, for its free use, and for the purposes of instruction, rational amusement and everything that tends to moral inspiration. Here the sentiment of an enlightened patriotism may be stimulated and encouraged. We need the old town hall of New England glorified, made beautiful and accessible. We need the "district school house," where the travelling lecturer, the singing school, the debating society and the Friday exhibition brought the whole community together, not in the interests of secretarian religion or party politics but in the universal interests of patriotism, morality, humanity. The present poverty of American communities in this direction is deplorable. Our school-houses are too fine, as our churches are too expensive and dogmatically sacred, to be used as rallying places for the people, for the purposes of song, entertainment, scientific and popular instruction; while our public halls, built by private individuals for gain, are necessarily too expensive for such occasions. Recently in this city, the directors of the Chicago Institute discussed the feasibility of serving to the public, Sunday afternoon or evening, popular lectures on scientific and kindred subjects, but learned that the cheapest, desirable hall to be found in the centre of the city, seating 500, would cost \$50 a Sunday. Every place of public assembly in this city is a matter of private ownership and must be paid for accordingly.

Our papers are agitating the question of public baths, built by the city, controlled by it, and free to all. This is admirable and should be done; but more necessary are places where the public may go for mental baths and spiritual restoration; a place free from sectarian limitations or party reproach, the high school of citizenship, the open college for the poorest, and the common home of all. Such a place would do more to lift the discouraged and to lighten the tasks of toil, than many so-called intellectual discussions that tend to arouse self-consciousness to breed selfish discontent. Some one has said that, however important it is to administer the labor of a country rightly, it is as important wisely to administer the *leisure* of a people. It is not his eight hours of work, but the other eight wakeful hours of selfish indulgence and dissipation that bring misery to the mechanic and wretchedness to his home. Much has lately been done in this country in the way of founding great free libraries for the people. This is noble, but there is a limitation to the printed page, which leaves a mighty work for the human voice divine; there is a place in the human heart which embodied human souls alone can fill. The next great benefactor will be the man who will show us how to build a great "Home for the Humanities," with its big and little halls, erected, if possible, in the center of a public square or park. On its walls would gather gradually the faces of the blessed fathers and mothers of the town, the best productions of pencil, brush and chisel by home and other artists. Around it would gather in time, historical museums, curios of patriotism, and art galleries. Such an enterprise would tempt the creative powers of our American architects, and develop a type of building unique and fresh, as characteristic and useful as the Gothic Cathedral to the age that gave it birth. If in the next five years, a thousand such buildings could be erected in a thousand enterprising towns of America, it would do more for the honor of Columbus than a dozen world's fairs, great and worthy as are larger ventures of this kind.

What better place to start this next thing needed, an essential American institution, the Liberty Hall, than in Chicago, the new city of the new West, the metropolis favored with the patronage of the world, but unhampered by

traditions. Soon each of its great parks will be the center of an immense population, each of which should take steps to have its Liberty Hall, which might prove the germ of a truly Columbian Cathedral, beginning with the *secularities* slowly developing a recognition of the same as the *sanctities*. Eventually, somewhere in the twenty-fourth century perhaps, these buildings will represent the great people's church, the only true state church, because it stands for those purposes, loves and inspirations which all the people need.

WHICH IS "CATCHING," HEALTH OR DISEASE?

I seek to derive a lesson from the bacillus.

According to the germ theory of contagious disease, it is life, not death, that palpitates in the world all about us. It is the very superabundance of health and strength in earth and water and air that peoples our sick-rooms and fills our graves. And thus it becomes the task of the physician not, as formerly thought, to resist the positive aggressions of disease and death, but to give profitable and wholesome direction to health and life.

Now, this change of front in the medical world is but part of a larger change of front in our thought of the universe. According to the old theology it was evil not good, error not truth, the Devil not God, that was "catching." The inherent tendency of things was downward. The deepest currents in the universe flowed towards sin and death. Vice was intrinsically more attractive than virtue; error more convincing than truth. The very term which we apply to one of the Christian myths embodied the notion that we are by nature depraved. Jesus, we say, was "immaculately" conceived, as though all other conceptions were maculate.

The old belief that the innate trend of things is towards the evil, was powerfully strengthened by the analogy of the material world, the fact that physical objects, if unsupported, fall. When, however, Columbus found the other side of the earth and found that it was not an under side, but another upper side, when Magellan took another step in the same direction and circumnavigated the globe, the word "down" ceased to have any meaning. There is no "down" in the universe. And in getting rid of the "down" we undermine the Devil. Nadir becomes but a second zenith. When Newton drew his brilliant induction from the apple's fall, gravity ceased to be of Satan; it came to be of the very substance of God. The apple does not fall down towards the earth any more than the earth falls down towards the apple. Each seeks the other, and both together seek the sun; thus the so-called fall of the apple becomes part of the universal trend which is drawing all things towards the great center of heat and light and life. A round world has no place for Hell. For that is no Hell which has ceased to be bottomless. That is no Hell which, if you keep on plunging down into its lowest depths, will eventually lead you out again into the broad sunlight of God. At best, or rather at worst, such a Hell is but an incident in the journey Heavenward.

Let us not ignore unwelcome facts, and then seek by denying their existence to addle our brains into the belief that they do not exist. Error and evil and disease are facts. But our courage in the presence of these facts will be very greatly influenced by our conviction as to their fundamental character. And the view which seems to me the only one consistent with an unprejudiced study of human nature and history, the view, which, by analogy, the lesson from the bacillus helps confirm, is that not error and vice and disease, but truth and virtue and health are the positive forces which determine the course of the world's destiny. Error, powerless in itself, becomes powerful through the nucleus of truth which it contains. Vice intrinsically repulsive and weak, becomes attractive and strong

by calling into activity impulses which in themselves are wholesome, and which, when properly supplemented and balanced by other wholesome impulses, minister to the highest good. It is not the disease, but the life of the bacillus that is "catching." It is not the existence, but the misdirection of life forces that brings death. Disease is but misdirected health; evil, but misdirected good; the Devil but misdirected Deity.

And while it is the nucleus of truth and virtue and health that makes error and vice and disease contagious, there is nothing else as contagious as pure health and pure virtue and pure truth. Jesus is much more "catching" than Judas. In his "Holy Night," Correggio represents the infant Christ as radiating light all about him and illuminating the whole scene by his presence. So from every pure and wholesome and truthful soul stream forth truth and health and purity with a divine infectiousness.

H. D. M.

A NEW YORK LETTER.

The New York League is a wonderful outgrowth of Unitarian womanhood. Begun as a spontaneous, simultaneous wish in the hearts of such noble women as Mrs. Dix, Mrs. Catlin, Mrs. Morse, Mrs. Chadwick and others, it owes its development largely to Mrs. Theodore Williams, more than to any other one woman. Yet no one more than herself would deprecate any such claim, but the love and respect all offer her, and the eagerness and respect with which her counsels are waited for show that she has known how to be president. When she resigned on account of other duties, and became first vice-president, she also proved that she knew how to work under another, a grace rare among either men or women.

At present, Mrs. Williams is occupied in compiling a hymn book, whose "*raison d'être*" will be its music. It will contain less than two hundred hymns. About one-half of these will be sung to tunes familiar to the Episcopal Church and whose noble sweetness many Unitarians have longed to utter, in words to which their understanding consented. Mrs. Williams has also chosen some Welsh tunes of strange and easy beauty. None in the book are difficult, for her hope is to make this selection so small that it can be easily handled, so simple that even children can voice it, and so beautiful in meaning that the memory will recall in silence the words and the music. Moreover, she gives the date of the birth and death of each composer; and, as far as possible, the date of whatever composition she inserts. In the appendix is also a short biographical sketch of each composer. She not only has tried, but has succeeded, in finding music which expresses in its varied style and measure the significance of the printed thought, so that the accompaniment tells one of the teaching of hymns equally with the classified index of subjects.

The parish house for which Mr. and Mrs. Williams are working, is interesting New York Unitarians. It is to be a centre for the denominational and congregational work of the New York Conference, and perhaps also for other conferences. Votive offerings to such church vestries and houses can be made as artistic and satisfying to the heart of the givers as already are In Memoriam windows. Every marriage or christening might end in the gift of a cup and saucer, a vase, or a bronze, for the parish house, and couples celebrating their silver weddings could send an arm-chair or lounge.

But I began to write about the League. The February meeting was held in the church of Rev. Price Collier, in Brooklyn. Mrs. Morse, the dignified and graceful president, presided admirably, introducing the speakers with happy skill. The subject of the day was Unitarianism. Mrs. Slicer's paper on its defects and constructive power was very fair and able; a paper, which especially every minister should hear,

and then be guided by its frank, wise criticisms and suggestions. Rev. Carrie Bartlett spoke on the future of Unitarianism with earnestness and hopefulness, a plea for the great, free church of religion. Well did the president say in introducing her, the League turned trustfully to the west for prophesy. The women ministers of our denomination! May the sincerity which now illumines their countenances and speech keep them ever single-hearted and unconscious of their personal power. Mrs. Dix, in words as eloquent as Miss Bartlett's, and in simple, true manner told of the present duty of Unitarian women, in a short address, which wove the various papers together in one harmonious whole, and which urged us all to future and better work.

After the papers, the six hundred present adjourned to a box-lunch in the large vestries of the church. How warm and cordial were the greetings to each other and to Mrs. Andrews of Boston. How delightfully everyone talked! What enthusiasm there was about the growing success of the League! It truly seemed like the cordiality of the Spirit. The remarkable success of the League is to be attributed to four causes; first, its catholicity of admission and purpose; second, its avoidance in its public meetings of petitions in aid of poor parishes or of representations concerning new churches, which ought to be built; third, its extension of subjects to the philanthropic and sociological questions of the day; fourth, its willingness to stay to lunch, to talk to each other without an introduction and to be cordial.

A day in Mr. Chadwick's home of books and wit, of cultured taste and broad purpose, with a reception at his house, at which many of the League were present, ended my visit.

Soon after, in the city of Rochester, a beautiful summer abode with its trees and gardens where honesty reigns and no one steals his neighbor's fruit and flowers, I found Rev. W. C. Gannett, there called Doctor. His wife is the President of a large Club of women, already numbering 200, representatives of different churches who meet together for ethical and philanthropic study. This winter they are following the programme of the N. Y. League. Mr. Gannett has already started his Sunday school, Teachers and Choir Meetings, Post office Mission, Women's Society, Emerson's Class, Church Teas and Sociables and many other activities, notably a Boy's Evening Home, which has an average attendance of seventy. The Chapel is open twice a week, when forty different games, one mug of chocolate and one huge cookie, much conversation and many personal kindnesses are offered to the boys, who already are better mannered and cleaner than on their first appearance. Outsiders, as well as church people, have taken hold as helpers. It is one of the best arranged schemes for moral improvement and real pleasure that I have ever seen. Out of the games it is hoped will develop various classes of instruction. First win the confidence of the boys, then teach them, seems to be the plan.

When one sees so many churches like this one in Rochester, so full of promise and already reaping its first fruits of gain, one wonders if there are any lazy people in the world. Another's pet industry may not be some one's else, yet after all it may safely be concluded that most of us are too busy and that we are bearing others' burdens as well as our own. The divine duty of self preservation needs upholding. When a friend does assume this duty, how often he runs the chance of being called selfish or over-careful. But a wise self-interest is altruism and altruism is the essence of religion.

KATE GANNETT WELLS.

The supernatural is only a natural ambition to sustain our notions by high authority.—E. P. Powell.

TRUE prayer cannot be unmade by speaking it, nor by keeping silence.—J. W. Chadwick.

ORDINATION HYMN.

O Voice divine, in prophet souls
Through all the ages heard,
Source of the nation's Bible-scrolls,
Forever living Word,—

Dwell thou within the brother's heart
Who comes to us this day;
Thy law reveal, thy truth impart,
And show thy living way.

Still to life's morning hope and vow
His spirit faithful keep;
Our hearts shall burn with kindred glow,
When deep doth call to deep.

Below all outward rite and creed
One inward life we own,—
In upward aim, in generous deed,
And faithful service shown.

'Mid differing accents of the lip,
Here be it ours to prove
The Spirit's bond of fellowship,
The faith that works by love.

O Voice divine, within us all
Speak thou to-day anew;
Quick be our souls to hear thy call,
And strong our wills to do!

EMERSON AND BROWNING: 1860-1890

EMERSON.

Somewhere in the sixties there were shown to me several wood cuts, then somewhat ancient, taken, as I remember, from an old almanac, in which Mr. Emerson was shown in a variety of attitudes, supposed by their author to be illustrative of the new would-be-philosopher's works. Intended to be especially amusing was one that placed him astride a new moon—a very *dry* new moon—the thought of this almanac-artist evidently being that he had thus fixed the fact that transcendentalism all told was the palest and driest moon-shine. The young man who had preserved these pictorial relics assured me that his father never tired of characterizing it all as, "Sheer nonsense, spun into taking phrase or rhyme—understandable neither by the author himself or his deluded female worshippers." Later on I found that opinions not unlike this were at one time extremely popular in good Bostonese society. The story of the learned judge came to my ears, how he was asked what he thought of Emerson, and had replied: "I don't profess to understand him, but my daughters do." In '60 the fashion had changed. The Emerson badge was then complacently worn. Not to understand him—somewhat, at least; not to have his photograph in your album of authors, were errors of the first magnitude. You must affect the virtue, if you had it not, of paying the fashionable homage. "Never heard of Emerson!" The unfortunate mortal who should thus plead guilty in "good society," might have applied to Barnum for a situation, and "put money in his (or her) purse." Of course the "craze" passed by. The reaction came, as it did with the fame-worshippers of Goethe. The less emotional, if not more intelligent, admirers of both men called a halt, and the so familiar, "As Emerson says," was heard at rarer and yet rarer intervals. Self-respect, as well as a deeper regard for and appreciation of the man, came to the social rescue. An amusing instance, I remember, when, at one of the clubs, one John Verity, a genius with two strings to his bow—one material, the other spiritual—fell into open criticism of the essay Emerson had just read, and, quite forgetting in what presence he stood, eager only to clinch the argument, exclaimed, "As Emerson says," and went on unconsciously, to the great delight of all present, Emerson included, quoting the poet against himself. Emerson's "That settles it," gave Verity the victory. "I know a man," I said to Mr. Emerson once, "who has never heard of you, yet goes about repeating some of your sayings, as if they were his own." "As doubtless they are, if he has made them so. Forgetting or unknowing their source is not against him," was the quick response. I was not released until I had told him all about this man—all I knew. I think he approved of him, and was pleased. Aboard a western-bound train, not long since (the passengers being few, and time hanging wearily), the conductor

did me the honor of a social chat. The only Emerson he had ever seen was unlike my sketch. "The one I saw was bald-headed, and played a cornet; his solos were superb." Upon his insistence, I assured him that Waldo as well as *Walter* played (or sang) solos that were thought superb, that he was one of those

"Olympian bards
Who sang divine ideas below,
Which always find us young
And always keep us so."

He would like to get some of that music, he replied, facetiously smiling, if it was any good. He had been thinking only the other day, looking at his high grown up children that he was getting *old* mighty fast. However, he wanted something of the right sort for these same children, and he would add Emerson to their not over extensive library. "That's the way the world goes—and its a good way—they must have the *best*, if I didn't."

BROWNING.

Now I have enjoyed a realizing sense of some of my own shortcomings in this matter of knowing and esteeming—especially one author of rare gifts and heroic mould. I mean, Robert Browning. Within a few weeks I have read for the first time some of his poems. I don't know how to describe my idea of him, for it was in no sense an intelligent one.

My first was a chance glance inside his book where Fra Lippo Lippi—made a monk at eight,—

"Brief, they made a monk of me;
I did renounce the world, its pride and greed,
Palace, farm, villa, shop and banking house,
Trash, such as these poor devils of Medici,
Have given their hearts to—all at eight years old," —

is telling his story of how he drew the monks:—

"First every sort of monk, the black and white,
I drew them, fat and lean."

Further reading showed me ere long how very like the old moon-riding illustration of the Concord man I had been behaving toward this poet of Camberwell. The engraver had violated, to his disgrace, a plain text of scripture—"Judge not lest ye be judged." More discreet, perhaps, but no whit wiser had I been. But, enough. It is pleasant to confess one's self thus in the presence of so great an acquisition.

"Sky—what a scowl of cloud
Till, near and far
Ray on ray split the shroud;
Splendid, a star!"

True, I have not as yet gone on with my reading avariciously, but could quote, by reference to the books, far more than time and space here permit, lines and whole poems that, plainly enough for all rational souls, go straight to their work. Fra Lippo, I judge, speaks Browning's own perpetual word:

"This world's no blot for me
Nor blank; it means intensely, it means good;
To find its meaning is my meat and drink."

I would not in my new-felt good fortune turn proselyting—the poet's own words checking me,—

"I perceive not he affects to preach
The doctrine of his sect, whate'er it be,
Make proselytes as mad men thirst to do:
How can he give his neighbors the real ground,
His own conviction?"

but as I closed my last reading, by some unseen coincidence, I recalled the saying of a good lady friend, when, some years ago, she spoke to me of Browning, and expressed her great delight in him.

"Last evening," said she, "when I closed one of his books, the lines of Whitman's 'Mystic Trumpeter' came repeating themselves, and for the first time I began to see their beauty and force, and to feel that Whitman was also one of the poets I was treasuring. It was as if Browning was my 'Mystic Trumpeter,' and I was chanting in reply:

'A holy calm descends like dew upon me,
I walk the cool, refreshing night, the walks of Paradise,

I scent the grass, the moist air and the roses!
Thy song expands my numbed, imbonded spirit—thou freest, launchest me,
Floating and basking upon heaven's lake."

It seems to me that Browning, whatever his theme, deals with the heroic,
"Greet the unseen with a cheer."

SIDNEY H. MORSE.

THE CHICAGO TOYNBEE HALL.

The home of two young women, on Halsted street, Miss Jane Addams and Miss Ellen Starr, and the work to which its inmates have devoted themselves, has, for lack of other names, become known as the Chicago Toynbee Hall. These two women, knowing no large scheme that would move the universe, and yet feeling that so long as such great suffering, poverty and degradation existed, they would be happier living amid surroundings where their influence would, perhaps, make some lives happier and nobler, rented a house on South Halsted street. There, with a saloon to the right and an undertaking establishment to the left of them, in a house formerly used as a tenement, with their books, beautiful photographs and refined tastes, they have made a home, which brings brightness to many of their neighbor's lives, and is a constant help and inspiration to those coming from the more fortunate parts of the city. This home aims to be a social centre for those who long to give to others from their vantage ground of culture and education.

Many classes have been formed. The first idea is to make a little centre of social life and brightness, then, finding those who wish to work and study, to show that social life can be carried on in these higher ways. There is a club of working girls enjoying George Eliot's *Romola*, with beautiful Florentine photographs. There are also clubs of boys, large and small, to whom books are lent.

One afternoon is devoted to school girls, and one evening to working girls. The young people are so eager to come that the difficulty is to say no. German families come one evening a week to a little "coffee," where they speak their own language and feel a little kindly hospitality. A drawing class has done some excellent work in charcoal. Perhaps, the most picturesque time is the Italian evening, when the poor souls, who have found so inhospitable a welcome in this country, are given some really good music, and see that there is such a thing as a kindly American. In the morning a small kindergarten goes on in the beautiful reception room.

The most interesting part of the work can not be written about. It is the simple and natural way in which the neighbors bring their joys and sorrows to this hospitable home. Indeed, one feels not that Miss Addams and Miss Starr have given up anything to live there, but that their lives are richer and better for these demands on their sympathies; and one is filled with wonder that different classes have willingly lived lives unknown to each other so long. It is hoped that other women will join them, paying their share of the household expenses and helping in the work, as in the college settlement in New York and in Toynbee Hall in London.

JENNY DOW.

FROM a published sermon on "Reform of the Civil Service, a Moral Duty," preached in the First Unitarian Church, by the pastor, Joseph May, we make the following extract:

"The propositions of our demand for a civil service based and conducted on business principles are axiomatic. They are beyond debate. Whether we had better have a tariff or free trade, is plainly debatable; whether we ought to have prohibition or high-licence is plainly debatable. But it is *not* debatable whether we ought to have our public service performed by competent, experienced persons, or whether there should be a general turning out of such persons every four years, with the substitution of untrained persons in their places. It is *not* debatable whether an

official, or a party, has a right to use the emoluments of public offices to reward partisan workers. It is *not* debatable whether the incumbents of public office should be actuated by selfish greed, and tormented by habitual anxiety, or animated by an honorable ambition for excellence and fidelity in their duties. It is *not* debatable whether a faithful, competent, experienced official is not morally entitled to that form of reward for his diligence and capability which consists in permanence in his position. No argument whatever is offered by the upholders of the spoils system, which is worth a moment's consideration in that court of moral judicature before which we stand to-day. There are defenders of this system, I know,—and there were defenders of slavery. But though slavery was *defended*, the fundamental proposition, that a man cannot have property in his brother man, *never* was debatable. So the fundamental proposition of this reform is not debatable—that a public office is a public trust, to be discharged with a single eye to the interests of the public; and that the public business of a country, in which are men of all shades of opinion in politics, as in religion, ought to be conducted on simple business principles impartially, economically, honestly."

"THINK highly, think reverently, think devotedly, O, brothermen, of the MORAL IDEAL which is the very core, law, and life of your own personality, and which could be to you no law of august, all-commanding obligation, of transcendent and eternal authority, were it not identical with the innermost LAW of NATURE, by which planets roll, the sun shines, the universe itself exists. For that divine passion for the FINITE IDEAL which makes the hero, the reformer, the prophet, the saint, is but a spark of that eternal and ethereal fire which burns at the very heart of Being, and keeps God himself true to his own INFINITE IDEAL.—Francis E. Abbot, Ph. D., in the *New Ideal*.

It is interesting to read an opinion like the following from the *Edinburgh Review* of 1864, in the light of to-day's growing intelligence, giving one more example of how the abused, slighted of one age become the glorified of the next:

"Mr. Browning, in truth, more nearly resembles the American writers Emerson, Wendell Holmes and Bigelow, than any poet of our country. Tried by the standards which have hitherto been supposed to uphold the force and beauty of the English tongue and of English literature, his works are deficient in the qualities we should desire to find in them. We do not believe they will survive, except as a curiosity and a puzzle."

YE know God but as Lord, hence Lord his name with ye;
I feel him but as Love, and Love his name with me.

Why travel over seas to find what is so near?
Love is the only good; love, and the blessed here.

Faith without love aye makes the greatest roar and din,
The cask sounds loudest there where there is naught within.

The lover needs no law; he'd love God quite as well,
Were there no heaven's reward, no punishment of hell.

—Angelus Silesius.

ANYBODY may prove himself a Christian in the vulgar sense who thinks the name worth claiming; and he forfeits all title to ingenuity who cannot frame a pretext for assuming it, whether he be Hegelian or Swedenborgian, a disciple of Neander or Feuerbach.—*The Dial*.

A SCIENCE is a branch of knowledge or collection of ideas systematically developed according to principles peculiar to the subject matter itself.—*Dr. Lieber*.

It is a small thing to die religiously—a devil could do that: but to live divinely is man's work.—*Theodore Parker*.

Church Door Pulpit.

THE EVOLUTION OF RELIGION.

A DISCOURSE TO THE UNITARIAN SOCIETY OF SPOKANE FALLS, BY E. M. WHEELLOCK.

And ye shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make you Free.—John VIII, 32.

All growth is from the cell. From one minute organic cell another proceeds; from these, others; and the result is a blade of grass, a lily, an oak tree, an elephant, or a man. From the cell, by the process of growth, come the fields, the forests, the whole greenery of earth, the animal creation and the structures of man. But the whole universe becomes a party to this simple act of cell growth. The unseen roots of vital relation extend to the spaces and the deeps. Before the rose can flower, or the daisy put forth its blossom, there is required the sun and the earth, and every golden ball in the sky, with all their past history and their vast system of cosmic relations. Smallest and greatest are wedded in nature; tied together by the thread of natural kinship. For the Universe is *one*; there is nothing outside it, it has no outside, and in this Unity all is embraced. Every leaf on the maple, every swallow in the air is cousin and kinman to the whole structure of universal life. Cosmic unity runs on the great roadway of Law through all the worlds.

The same immanent force that is working thus in the material world, urging on the successive changes from Chaos to Cosmos, works also in the spiritual, and pushes forward the successive steps in the domain of religious thought. As the law of growth throbs and beats through every atom of the realm of matter, so is every expression of the moral nature, every mould and form of the religious life, from the most degraded to the most pure, but the workings of that inward spirit that from the raw material of human passion and experience, shall draw forth, little by little, the perfect results of ideal goodness. In the social as in the solar system, in hearts and souls as in clods and stones, in man-dust as in star-dust, the law of growth, which is the living God within us, alters, modifies, adorns and recreates, announcing afresh with every age and epoch, the incoming of the kingdom of heaven. As the quickening kiss of the sun, causes a myriad flowers to open their eyes to the day, and glitter as they gaze, so does the inner light in the breast induce and sweetly draw mankind to seek the All-Good. As the organic laws wear away Alpine peaks, change granite to soil, drape ruins with ivy, and cover the rocks with moss, so the Eternal World-Spirit, the Quick Spirit in man, crumbles the mountains of iniquity into useful elements, and in the soil of savage life plants the fair blossom of culture.

Let us briefly note the successive steps in the moral growth of mankind, and in the evolution of the religious life of the ages. As the modern apple was once the wild crab, so civilized men were once mere human animals; unable to speak, their language was a chatter or a howl. The early wild man of the earth gazed in terror on every side. He felt his own littleness and subjection. He had neither wing nor scent, fang nor claw, clothing, fire nor weapons. He needed more, and he had less than any other creature. Around him were forest prowlers that could devour him at a breakfast. He is embodied helplessness; when the thunder breaks, when the storm descends, when the sea rages, when the lion roars, his knees knock together. The forces of the world enslave him. Nature presses on him with all weight, and every force uses its cruel whip on his back.

These early savages, in all but a germ of their humanity, stood on the animal plane. They were lower than the lowest of our species now extant, lower than the Australian or the Hottentot, or the tree men of Ceylon, being in fact but rudiments of men. They were hairy like apes; they grunted, howled

and hissed for speech; they gnawed roots and bark, gathered wild fruits and the leaves of succulent plants, ate raw fish and fed on worms and snakes; they fled from the larger animals, caught in their hands the small rodents, sucked their blood and feasted greedily on their palpitating flesh, so becoming also cannibals. Marriage in any form was unknown. They were promiscuous after the fashion of beasts. They freed themselves from the vermin which infested them by rolling in the dust, as poultry do. They lived in caves, and holes, and hollow trees, daubing their bodies with grease and ochre.

Out of this quagmire the squalid creatures crept by degrees. They made garments of skins, knives of flint, and spear-heads of bone; fire they found in the burning forests kindled by the lightning, and the sense of dependence taught them religion. For in this wild condition man finds himself helpless among the powers of nature, and worships the strange forces before which he trembles. All savages begin by thinking that they came out of the ground, like the trees and plants. The earth, they say, was their Mother and the sun their Father. They are nature-worshippers. They look upon the natural forces as Gods more powerful than man; attribute to them human passions; become afraid of them, personify them, and implore their intervention and their compassion.

They find their tutelargod, or Totem, in the tree which has been made sacred by the lightning stroke; or the meteoric stone which they saw falling from the mysterious sky. Around these consecrated objects, they gradually make circles of huge stones. Now they have their sacred place, the court of their idol; the sentiment of reverence has arisen to birth; they are worshippers; they believe in miracles wrought through their priests by the power of their God; they entertain a sense of gratitude to the being in the tree or the stone who is the friend of their tribe; they strike out the beginning of a rude symbolical writing to commemorate his miraculous and benignant interventions in their behalf. Their words of gratitude and supplication are the germ of the religious hymn, and that circle of stones the rudiment of the architecture of the temple and the cathedral. This is the first rude birth of the religious sentiment in mankind. This is the manner in which religions grow out of the early savage slime, from the seeds of helpless ignorance and fear. But how cunning are the ways of nature! She from the first has been instructing her child when he seemed most alone, leading him on step by step, though in a circuitous way.

The next step is when men rise from the worship of stocks and stones, and lifeless things, to that of animals. This is a step in advance. Now they worship brute life, some animal, which is considered a type of the Divine. Beast worship grew to its height in Egypt, and the Jews learned it there, imitating Apis in their golden calf, and worshipping the magical brazen serpent. In Egypt the forms of animal life were held as images of the Supreme, hence all that had life was in a way divine,—the sacred ibis, crocodile, bull, cat, snake.—This form of worship which revered Life in its animal forms, flourished along with a very high degree of culture, political power and civilization. It was not false, but only inadequate. God is the principle of Life, but He is more.

There was a primitive people living in the highlands of India, the progenitors of the Aryans, indeed our primeval forefathers, who were preserved from becoming wholly brutal in their sensations. They were preserved as the seed grain of the world—the future civilizers of humanity. These never abandoned themselves to animal promiscuity and man-eating, and they had a form of monogamic marriage. Woman was not a slave among them. They had the family and the household, and thus the germ of civilization.

They were taught to serve their Parents as the King and Priestess of the house, and the exponents of Deity, and this commandment was made for them, which Moses found still extant in Arabia long ages afterward: "Thou shalt obey and reverence the Father-Mother of the household, for the God-Goddess is over them for Thee; and will make by this service a place in the land for Thee to continue and increase." So there was instituted household Government and household Religion, and then and there the primal civilization of the world began. They conceived that God was a man-woman, who had brought them forth in some preceding state of existence. In the open space, around which they built their huts, they set up the slender, straight trunk of a tree, on which they placed another branch horizontally as a cross, hence worshipping God in the creative Principle; this being to them its sign. The worship of the cross extended in that day from Egypt to India.

This people dominant among the sons of man, first absorbed the inferior races, taught them the primitive arts of human society, and by migrations passed at an early date into Egypt, forming there the ruling caste, and afterwards established itself in Greece, founding the Hellenic culture. The man Abraham was derived from this stock; and the writing preserved in his family, and now known as the first record in Genesis, was a poem of the early religious scriptures. They worshipped God under the name of Dyaus, the Father of the day, whence comes Deus and all the divinities. They expressed Deity by the symbol O-I, He-She, Man-Woman, God-Goddess. When they saw a beautiful man, they called him "God-like," or a beautiful woman "Goddess-like;" and so they made beauty in its human likeness, a means of approach to the idea of the Infinite.

It is an uplift when men rise from the worship of lifeless things, or of animals, to that of human qualities, for they are nearest the divine. Man, then, no longer reveres that which is below himself, but that which is highest in himself, and in his conceptions of Deity his effort is to realize a perfect human being. This is religion *re-born*, for man can neither adore, nor conceive of, that which is not in his own mind.

We are not, therefore, indebted to the Hebrews for the primitive idea and form of intelligent religion. From the roots of the Aryan tree O-I the Israelite derived his first feeble image, hugging himself, meanwhile, in the fantasy that he alone knows the true God, and the true name of God, because he has a dim and distant vision of the masculine. He did not know that his local religion was but a dwindled offshoot of the paternal tree, and that other offshoots of that tree survived, among races of a sweeter amenity, and of a deeper and loftier learning, who kept more perfectly the heavenly law.

The Aryan worship of He-She at first was not an idolatry; it was an *ideality*, but it became an idolatry when the truth of the symbol was lost, and so the Jews lost the idea in the masculine that was given to Abraham, diverting it into a war-god, a Jehovah made in the image of their own passions; whence Christian Sectarists have evolved a devil-god, the ogre of Creation, swallowing up the unbelieving or perverted of his offspring, and keeping them alive for torment eternally, in the wrath of his wicked and malignant fire. It is a question of Evolution.

There was among the seed of Israel a line of free, select and protesting souls, poet-prophets, who modified by their continued teaching the despotism of the priests, seeking to shake the mind of Israel from its dependence on ritual, declaring against Moses and the Priests, that the Most High only required Justice and Mercy at the hands of his children, and not the bloody and futile sacrifices of the temple. But Israel, by its false priestly and sectarian conception of the Eternal, fought against these spiritual Reformers. It slew the prophets and

suppressed the spirit of prophecy. And when He came of whom the elder seers had spoken, who was to break the iron chain that held the people in bondage to formalism and tradition, who was to lead them forth into an order of universal kindness, and abolish the evil ways of man, taking into his heart the *all* of humanity, they slew the gracious Teacher—that sweetest blossom on the stem of human nature; and their successors in the Church of to-day, have misconstrued and perverted his testimony, to form new links in the chain to perpetuate priest craft, and bind the spiritual freedom of the Race.

In reading the early writings which bear the name of "Scripture," we have to separate the wheat from the tares. Whatever there is in that Scripture of mercy, of humanity, and of forgiveness, is of the Kingdom of Heaven, and what ever is against mercy, and against humanity and against forgiveness, is of the kingdom of darkness. So concerning the words that are *reported* as spoken by Jesus of Nazareth, the same discrimination must be made. There is much that is factitious, and that grew by subsequent accretion. Much that is inaccurately reported, because imperfectly remembered, and but partially understood. Whatever therein is of the spirit of humanity is heavenly truth, and whatever is affirmed that is repugnant to the spirit of humanity, is neither true nor good. Thus must we separate the truth from the error, the grain from the chaff, in every Scripture however venerable, however sacred, that has been written by the fingers of men.

Rational religion shatters no true sacredness; it will keep all that is true of our own Scripture with unflinching care, and welcome all that is Truth in all other Scriptures with equal joy, and thus it will never close the Canon of the continually uttered Word of Revelation! It knows that all holy Scripture is not in the Bible, nor is all that is in the Bible holy Scripture. The wind of the Spirit bloweth where it listeth and whatever it touches, it consecrates. We need not go to Jerusalem to find the Word of God; and the Cross of Christ is lifted up wherever temptation is bravely met, and painful duty well and patiently done. There is a book of God whose syllables are in every spherule of the revolving Universe, and whose "Word" is from everlasting to everlasting.

The Evolution of the religious sentiment is going on as rapidly now as in any former age—Yes, more rapidly. Christendom will yet be Christianized. The mustard seed of rational religion is growing, and its grateful shade shall yet cover the Earth. This religion teaches that nowhere in the Universe, outside of the morbid fancies of priest-ridden men, is found a revengeful and jealous Deity.—An angry God is as obsolete to its thought as is the tree-worship of the savage, or the grotesque beast worship of old Egypt. It teaches that law governs; that there is no space, no possible crevice anywhere in the Creation or caprice, miracle, parenthesis, or interpolation. There is very little "otherworldliness" in its creed, and that little will continually grow less.

For though we may live hereafter in another, we begin in *this* world. Here we get our bearings, and take our direction. Here we learn the primary lessons, which nothing that we may learn in any other world can ever contradict. We ripen best for the Future by being heartily devoted to the work and duty of the present moment, for here we are, not elsewhere. True religion dwells with man, and asks to be put to service. It will teach society to be more humane, and to grow more brotherly. It will persuade the forces of the world to work in amity, so that tyranny and greed shall be a mutual blunder, and concert and co-operation a mutual success. It will leave off the paltry business of scattering tracts and preaching revivals through the world; for the present age needs not tracts, or effusions of ecclesiastical piety, but

then abatement of moral griefs and wrongs, the suppression of intemperance, the purifying of vice and crime, the protection of the helpless, and the uplifting of woman.

Not promises of a distant and future heaven, but righteousness and justice prevailing *now* on this earth. If we do well the duty of the passing hour, the broad universe has nothing, and holds nothing that we need dread. Safe and sound as our souls are to-day, so shall they ever be—not afraid of their Father or mistrusting His purposes, who has taught us to believe and to adore. Those foul suspicions of our Creator which barbarians implanted in theology, and bequeathed to their posterity, are revolting to the trust of the grateful heart, which takes God's hand as our child takes ours, and walks as calmly by His side!

This faith comes "eating and drinking" as did the Son of Man. Its ministry has no more formal piety than the wild roses in a hedge row, or the larks who sing as sweetly on the Sabbath as if it were a week day. "Every man will hear the gospel preached in his own tongue;"—that is, through his own peculiarities of mind and ways of life. The arms of the Divine Maternity and Paternity put forth through it, will gather the desolate and outcast from huts and kennels into new hope, new life, and fresh opportunity.

It sets men to building, not costly cathedrals and temples to be inhabited during the week by rats, while childhood and womanhood are left crowded and smothered in the slums, but the Industrial palaces of God and man, where labor justified at last, leaves the social horde, sheds its sordidness and rags, and enters with singings and rejoicings. Alms-giving feeds and breeds poverty, but the organization of industry will abolish poverty. This religion will enlist the whole of our intelligence, and use all the tools of science and civilization, until humanity shall be born again into its inalienable rights, in this new cradle of mankind. The sacrament which it offers is its own worship of truth and beauty, whose elements it distributes to all communicants pronouncing them to be the *Real Presence*—the body and blood of God and of His Christ.

Correspondence.

DEAR UNITY:—So many correspondents throughout the West are sending letters of inquiry in regard to the probable action of our Woman's Western Unitarian Conference, at its annual meeting in May, that I ask space to reply through your columns. These letters come from every point,—from San Francisco and Portland on the Pacific coast, to Rochester and even to Brattleboro, Vt., in the east, and I trust this reply will reach as far. I want to urge every society that has ever been connected with the Women's Conference to forward its delegate membership fee as soon as possible to the treasurer,—Mrs. J. C. Hilton, 175 Dearborn street, Chicago,—and to send its delegates to the Conference in May, prepared to vote as seems best for the general good.

The question for discussion at that time is: "What will the Woman's Conference do in regard to the Women's Alliance?" This question will be fully and freely discussed, and decided by the vote of the *delegates* present at the Conference. Two plans have been suggested. One is to join the Alliance as an associate branch—as the constitution provides—keeping the Woman's Western Conference as now organized; the other, to disband the Woman's Conference, and re-organize through the churches. Let no delegate come instructed *how to vote*, but with an open mind, to be helped and strengthened by the arguments presented by the speakers, who have given the matter much thought and consideration. At Philadelphia *much* confusion was caused by the *instructed* delegate; and

as the action of this meeting must be *final*, if we are to have any representation upon the Alliance Branch, it is desirable that each delegate be left to act on her own ripened judgment at the time. Anyone who has not seen a copy of the constitution of the National Alliance can procure one on application to the secretary,—Miss Florence Hilton, 175 Dearborn street, Chicago. Let the women of our denomination make an especial effort to make this the largest and best meeting in our history. Many important questions are to be discussed. Let us show our interest in our work in the West by our presence.

VICTORIA M. RICHARDSON,
Pres. W. W. U. C.

PRINCETON, ILL.

DEAR UNITY:—On Sunday, March 2nd, our friend and helper, Mrs. Alice Briggs Morley, was suddenly called home. At the moment when the Angel of Immortal Life summoned her away, she was teaching her Sunday-school class in Unity Church. It was most fitting and beautiful that, at her much-loved post of duty, she should hear the words, "Come up higher, friend, come up higher." But her going means great loss to us. By her noble character she had won a large and enduring place in our love and reverence. Her rare intellectual and spiritual gifts, and her unswerving loyalty to Unity church, made her a most important factor in its growth. As teacher of the adult bible class for more than three years, she brought to her work high aims, deep thought, and the finest spiritual insight. As president of Unity Circle for nearly the same length of time, she showed great administrative ability, and proved herself a true leader. We are sometimes told that heroism is dying out of the world;

"Yet no heart more high and warm,
Ever dared the battle storm,"

than that of the heroic woman whose loss we mourn. Although for long years a constant sufferer, with uncomplaining cheerful courage she bore the heavy burden of pain, and kept her place in the ranks of workers to the very last.

In our sorrow it comforts us to know what joy she found in the light and warmth of our liberal faith. Escaping from the bondage of old-time creeds, and finding a home with us soon after the organization of our church, the work to which she consecrated her best thought and endeavor brought to her rest, strength and gladness. In blessing others, she herself was blest.

Brave woman, noble friend, we shall miss thee, but

"What is holiest here below,
Must forever live and grow."

Good-bye. We meet again.

M. A. S.
SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

The Study Table.

Unitarianism: Its Origin and History. Sixteen lectures delivered in Channing Hall, Boston, 1888-89. Boston: American Unitarian Association. \$1.00.

The American Unitarian Association has rendered to all inquirers an excellent service in the publication of this volume. We know no book so rich in material and fertile in suggestion, treating of the Unitarian faith and its tendencies. It is almost too good, perhaps, to gain the widest circulation, i. e.: the range of thought and scholarship is in general very high. In this, however, it conforms fairly well to the intellectual quality of much of the preaching in Unitarian pulpits, which is not aimed at the masses, but is kept well up to the level of the most thoughtful of our congregations.

These lectures planned by Mr. Spaulding, Secretary of the Unitarian S. S. Society, were given by representative Unitarians of the present generation,—members of the old school, new school, and mediating school, amicably meeting together in this course of independent, yet mainly harmonious, presentations.

The names of the lecturers are important, but in our short notice the subjects treated are more so. They are: I. Early Christian Doctrine; II. Christianity from the Fifth to the Fifteenth Century; III. Unitarianism and the Reformation; IV. Unitarianism in England; V. The Contacts of American Unitarianism and German Thought; VI. The Church and the Parish in Massachusetts; VII. Early New England Unitarians; VIII. Channing; IX. Transcendentalism; the New England Renaissance; X. Theodore Parker; XI. Unitarianism and Modern Literature; XII. Unitarianism and Modern Biblical Criticism; XIII. Unitarianism and Modern Scientific Thought; XIV. The Law of Righteousness; XV. The Relation of Unitarianism to Philosophy; XVI. Ecclesiastical and Denominational tendencies.

The North Shore Watch, and Other Poems By George Edward Woodberry. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A thin volume of verses by an unknown writer, daintily bound and white-banded, promises little in these days of many singers and one takes it up almost with a sigh. This especial volume, however, is not to be lightly dismissed, and when one puts it down it is with a feeling of triumph, as who should say: "I have discovered a poet." These are a young man's poems and stand as a fine expression of earnest, enthusiastic manhood. The adoration of beauty and the rapture of passion are here; but the beauty is not that of woman, nor is the passion that of love; it rather flames up in a glow of patriotism and beats in the longing for a dead friend. This threnody gives the name to the volume *The North Shore Watch*, and it is a noble memorial. The pulses of any true American ought to stir responsive to the notes struck in the ode "My Country"; and, barring Lowell's Commemoration Ode, we should not know where to look for its equal. We would like to quote entire the two noble sonnets, "At Gibraltar," in the first of which the poet yields himself to the impressions the place brings up, and rejoices in his English descent.

England, 'tis sweet to be so much thy son—
I feel the conqueror in my blood and race;
Last night Trafalgar awed me, and to-day
Gibraltar wakened; hark! thy evening gun
Startles the deserts over Africa.

The second sonnet ends with these lines:

Two swords there are: one naked, apt to smite,
Thy blade of war; and, battle-storied, one
Rejoices in the sheath, and hides from light.
American I am; would wars were done.
Now westward, look, my country bids good-
night—
Peace to the world from ports without a gun.

The Prose Dramas of Henrik Ibsen, with a biographical introduction by Edmund Gosse. Series of Foreign Literature; New York: John W. Lovell & Co.; 50 cents.

The interest in Henrik Ibsen's remarkable dramas is becoming more intense every day, and our readers will be glad to know of the above cheap edition, printed on good paper and in clear type, prefaced by Mr. Gosse's admirable introductory essay. The volume also contains an engraving of the author, taken from the *Transatlantic*. The four dramas making up the contents are *A Doll's House* (more correctly translated *A Doll-Home*), *The Pillars of Society*, *Ghosts*, and *Rosmersholm*. The first three are translated by William Archer, the fourth by M. Carmichael.

The Law of Husband and Wife. Compiled for popular use by Lelia Josephine Robinson, L.L.B., member of the Boston bar. Lee & Shephard, Boston. Chas. T. Dillingham, New York. Price, \$1.00.

This book is written to meet the demand for information concerning the mutual legal rights of husband and wife. It gives abstracts of the statutes concerning the legal status of the wife, the claims of widow and widower on property, and the law of divorce in every State and territory in the Union. It is a book showing infinite research, and presents this much needed information in a clear and concise manner. A

knowledge of the law on this class of subjects, such as this little book presents, would prevent much misunderstanding, and often much disappointment and wrong. It deserves a place in every library, both public and private.

THE leading article in the March *Atlantic*, both in place and merit, is Mr. Thayer's essay on "The Trial, Opinions and Death of Giordano Bruno," containing lengthy extracts from the testimony offered before the Inquisition of Venice of 1592. Charles Worcester Clark writes on "Woman Suffrage"; and George Parsons Lathrop contributes a short essay on the need of independent criticism and of individual judgment in all the affairs of life, under the ingenious title "The Value of the Carver." The serials by Mr. James, Mrs. Deland and Mr. Bayner are continued; and an excellent poem on Tennyson, anonymous, adds interest to the other contents.

A NEW book, entitled, "Natural Ethics," and further described as "an attempt to identify morality with the laws of nature," by Raymond S. Perrin, author of "The Religion of Philosophy," is announced for publication within the year. We are glad to inform our readers that Mr. Perrin is to be an occasional contributor to UNITY.

The Evolution of Immortality.—Suggestions of an Individual Immortality based upon our Organic and Life History. By C. T. Stockwell. Cloth, 12mo, gilt top, uncut edges, 69 pages, 60 cents.

With a very few exceptions, not injurious to his argument, we have read with great pleasure and profit this singularly attractive essay.—*Unitarian Review*.

One of the most suggestive and best developed essays on personal immortality which later years have produced.—*Literary World*.

Liberty and Life.—By E. P. Powell, author of "Our Heredity from God." Contents: Life and Death, what they are; Sin a Crime Against Life; Righteousness Obedience to Law; Sinning Against the Holy Spirit; A Sound Mind in a Sound Body; Is the Average Life Worth the Living? The True, the Beautiful and the Good; Not Allopathy nor Homeopathy, but Sympathy; The True Life; The Doing Creed; The Keys; A Bundle of Paradoxes; A Substitute for Orthodoxy; The Two Theologies; Natural Moral Compensation; Character; The Religion of the Future; New Year's in 1982. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 208, 75 cents.

Remarkable for its boldness of thought and its terse, vigorous sentences. The author is not orthodox in his creed, but his words breathe reverence for his conception of God, for humanity and for the teachings of Jesus. Especially strong is his argument that the wilful wasting of life is sin, and his graphic and poetic portrayal of the constant expenditure of life through which men live by being able to die. Each thought and word and action, he says, costs life, and men live grandly as they are able to die grandly and rapidly. The book shows evidences of research and study and is interesting throughout.—*Newark Evening News*.

The Social Status of European and American Women. By Kate Byam Martin and Ellen M. Henrotin. Square, 18mo, 47 pages, paper, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cents.

A capital little brochure for people who take a serious interest in the tendencies of American society.—*New York Independent*.

The New Birth, with a chapter on Mind Cure. By L. P. Mercer. Limp cloth, 16mo, 127 pages, 50 cents.

Progress from Poverty.—A Review and Criticism of Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" and "Protection and Free Trade." By Giles B. Stebbins. Square 18mo., 64 pages, paper, 20 cents; cloth, 30 cents.

Mr. Stebbins is one of the best authorities in the land upon economic issues, clear and precise in his statements, and has an irrefutable way of putting his propositions.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*.

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Notes from the Field.

Chicago, Ill.—The Chicago Unitarian Club met March 5th at the Unitarian Headquarters, 175 Dearborn street. After calling the Club to order, Mr. Shorey, the President, reported for the Committee on Central Place of Meeting, that the adjoining room, No. 91, could probably be obtained and be so connected with the other rooms as to furnish the additional accommodations now very much needed at the Headquarters; the rent being twenty dollars per month, payable quarterly in advance. Opportunity was then given members to volunteer contributions toward the rent and seventy-five dollars was pledged and 30 new members promised. The motion was then made and carried that the Club assume the responsibility of the rent of room 91.

—The essayist of 1e evening, Rev. Mila F. Tupper, then gave a very candid and thoughtful consideration of the subject, "Ingersoll's Agnosticism and Modern Theism." She criticised the spirit manifested in Ingersoll's article in the *North American Review*, "Why am I an Agnostic?"—and questioned his right to that name. An outline was given of the modern Metaphysical and Scientific method of reaching Theism and it was shown that Ingersoll's arguments did not touch them—that he seemed ignorant of both their claims and methods. Modern Theism is the result of loyalty to the scientific method. It is an hypothesis necessary to account for the facts, mental and physical. The Transcendentalists, including poets and seers generally, are the necessary complements of the theoretic theists. They are the practical experimenters whose spiritual observations must be accounted for by the theists. It is by intelligent investigation of the religious ideas already possessed, by obedience to them, and by embodying them more truly in life that the spiritual instincts will be quickened. Then will the human mind become capable of knowing truth when it sees it. The true renaissance of religious thinking awaits the deepening and broadening of religious living.

—In the discussion which followed, a very general assent was expressed to the thought of the paper and thanks expressed for its able presentation. Rev. H. T. Root, of Hinsdale, took issue with certain conclusions of the transcendentalists and declined to accept Emerson as an authority in logic. After the usual sociability and refreshments, the Club adjourned. Mrs. E. A. West, Secretary.

—At All Souls Church last Sunday, every chair was occupied and all the standing room also. The peasant painter, Millet, preached through the picture of the Angelus on the easel, beside the pulpit, as well as through the voice of the speaker. About fifty people attended the preparatory meeting in the afternoon. Those who will join this Church on Easter Day, will more clearly understand the why and what-for from these talks with the pastor.

Pittsburg, Pa.—The Pittsburg *Dispatch* of March 6, contains the following communication from Rev. Dr. Townsend, of that city:

—To the Editor of *The Dispatch*:—I wish to correct, by your courtesy, some of the many mistakes of the Rev. Joseph Cook in Monday's *Dispatch*. Mr. Cook is always an advocate, never an impartial critic. Mr. Cook speaks of the decay of Unitarianism, when in the last five years Unitarianism has built more churches than in any 20 years of its previous history. He declares that it is harder to find ministers to fill its pulpits in the presence of the fact that there are more students in its theological seminaries and more ministers coming from other denominations, than ever before in its history. I receive letters constantly from orthodox ministers asking: "Can you find me a place in the liberal ranks?" or "I am completely in sympathy with the views you teach." Mr. Cook does not see that while Unitarian progress is slow in the building of churches, its progress is very fast in the percolation of its thought. How many, many ministers of the orthodox churches are semi-Unitarian in their belief? Can you go into the study of any thoughtful young minister and not find Martineau, or Parker, or Emerson on his table? Orthodox ministers to-day largely are fed from the table of Unitarian thought. . . . Mr. Cook calls Unitarianism, humanitarianism. We accept the thought. We are humanitarians. We want no church so full of God that it excludes man. We are sure that God is not far from those who love man, and that he who takes a little child tenderly in his arms is very near the kingdom of heaven.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND,
Pastor Unitarian Church.

PITTSBURG, March 5.

Directors' Meeting.—The Directors of the Western Conference met at Headquarters at 2 p. m., Thursday, March 6, D. L. Shorey in the chair. Present: D. L. Shorey, John Wilkinson, James Van Inwagen, Mrs. Celia P. Woolley, Mrs. Florence Bagley Sherman, James V. Blake, Jenkin L. Jones, Myron Leonard, John R. Effinger. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. Plans were discussed for enlarging the present limits of the Headquarters by securing an additional room, and connecting it with those already occupied. The Executive Committee of the Board was authorized, if possible, to make such arrangements. This action, rendered necessary by the growing demands of the Western Conference work, was taken in connection with a proposition from the Unitarian Club of

Chicago to bear the additional expense involved in such enlargement of the Headquarters. The Committee on programme for the approaching May Anniversaries reported progress, and was continued. The report of the Treasurer was submitted and ordered filed. Letters from Miss S. A. Brown of Kansas, Mr. J. D. Ludden and Mr. Edward Sawyer of St. Paul, Rev. Wm. J. Potter, Rev. John W. Chadwick, Rev. J. C. Learned, and others, were read by the Secretary and ordered filed. A communication to the Conference was received from a committee of friends in Minneapolis, regarding the new movement among the Swedes of that city to found a Unitarian Church under the leadership of Axel Lundeborg. The Secretary was directed to make fitting reply to said communication. On motion adjourned to meet at the call of the programme committee.

Omaha, Neb.—We are each week in receipt of many good things from the field, West and East, that cannot be crowded into these columns. We have room for but the concluding sentences of Rev. N. M. Mann's sermon on "The Eternity of Things," recently preached in Unity Church, Omaha, and reported at some length in the "*World-Herald*" of that city:

"There is a shadowy way in which through the persistence of the type man becomes despite his mortality a suggestion of the everlasting. Men die, but man survives. Heroism dies not out of the earth when heroes fall, but every gallant form recurs again as the years roll on. It is a cardinal doctrine of Christianity that mankind is to be molded to a certain type of excellence; that Christ reappears in his followers until the end of time. Thus the Christ life becomes something permanent, perpetual, surviving even the decay of nations. That order of man has come to stay. We reach across the centuries to our Divine Man, and find him the same that lives and walks among us. The visible is the manifestation of the invisible, and through the wonders of nature, through the living world, and through that which is highest in man we climb up to God."

—We learn that from one to two columns of the Monday edition of the "*World-Herald*" are to be devoted each week to making its readers acquainted with the utterances of Unity pulpit. The voice of the preacher is worthy to be heard all around the city and the State, and we congratulate Mr. Mann and his congregation on this enlargement of their field of influence and usefulness.

Boston.—Rev. H. G. Spaulding, the Sunday School secretary, assisted in installing Prof. E. R. Watson as minister over the Unitarian Society in San Bernardino, Cal.—The Ramabai Association, to aid the "Child-Widow Mission" in India, has strong friends here. Its annual meeting will be held March 11th. Again the word comes to us: "A much larger school could be filled."—Wednesday noon meetings are continued at King's Chapel, with much satisfaction as to interest and attendance.—Rev. D. C. Stevens of Reading, near Boston, will exchange pulpits for three months with Rev. Noah Green, of Mottram, England.—Mr. Booker T. Washington, of Tuskegee, with a quartet of male students is pushing northward, holding by the way public meetings in the interest of his normal school.—In Jamaica Plain (Boston) Rev. C. F. Dole will give, in March and April, sermons on "A Religious Basis," "Agnostics and Materialists," "The Facts of Evil," "Immortality," "Experience as a Proof of Religion," "Prayer," and a few other practical subjects. He promises simple statements of fact and of his own beliefs, as helps especially to young persons.—Several series of religious meetings are soon to begin in various churches, following the usage of our ministers to hold most of their large public meetings in churches or theatres, before lent; and to give, in early spring, Sunday evening sermons in the various parish churches.

Philadelphia.—The Spring Garden Unitarian Society sends us its new year book, giving the names of officers and committee for the current year and a report of last year's work, with an appendix containing some notable utterances from the pulpit during the months when it was dependent upon temporary supplies. Rev. W. I. Nichols, who has been a welcome visitor to the Chicago Headquarters during the past year, was, on December 2nd, installed as pastor of the Church. We congratulate both pastor and people. A new and unusually elaborate constitution and by-laws is also put forth by the Church. Let it not be thought ungracious in us if we wonder how many people in the course of a year will consent to pass through the ordeal of having their names posted on a bulletin board, in the church, to await the criticisms or objections of the members before being admitted to church fellowship. Let us hope that Philadelphia people are as anxious to join the church as the young people used to be to get married when it was the custom to publish the banns for three Sundays in church.

Post Office Mission.—Tract No. 17 has recently won distinction among its fellows on the S. T. list. It fell under the eye of a business man in one of our large cities, who opened up correspondence with the Secretary of Unity Pub. Com. and ascertained the price in lots of five thousand, whereupon the following laconic order was despatched to the Western Headquarters: "Yours 31st received. Ship the 5000 by express and send bill for same (tract No. 17). Yours truly." This friend distributes his precious cargo through the rack of a friendly church, and for aught we know,

through many a bill of goods that goes out from his hands. We learn that he goes about with his pockets full of them prepared to take advantage of any openings that Providence may throw in his way. "It's one of the best things that's happened yet!" writes a friend of our Unity Mission. "\$2.25 per 1000, or \$10.00 per 5000, is the wholesale price of the little missionary named "Things most Commonly Believed To-day among us."

Quincy, Ill.—From a late Quincy paper we take the following: After the usual social tea on Wednesday evening, Unity club gathered in force to listen to a strong and thoughtful paper by Dr. Robbins on "The Mission of the Church in Social Reform." The position taken by the paper was that a church with a dogmatic basis, as the history of the past shows, must ever be restrained from taking the lead in reform; but that the church of the future, which must find its true basis in righteousness independent of dogma, would be found where the church ought to be, in the advance on all ethical questions. The paper, which was charitable in spirit though decided in position, closed with Leigh Hunt's beautiful poem, "Abou Ben Adhem." The music of the evening was a piano solo by Miss Clara Meyer who plays unusually well for a young girl.

Saco, Maine.—We receive from the minister of this parish another church paper—The Outlook, Vol. II. February and March, 1890, No. 1. It is published by the "Lookout Committee," containing the names of the officers and various committees and working agencies of the church, and aims especially to acquaint its readers with the various auxiliary societies through which Unitarian churches are working. It is an attempt to connect the interest of the members of this individual parish with that of the denomination at large, by bringing them into active sympathy with the various Unity and Unitarian Clubs and Conferences throughout the country. It contains brief extracts from various reports and addresses, all tending to rouse and call forth the latent energy of the people called Unitarians.

Manly, Iowa.—A correspondent writes from this missionary post, where, by the devotion of a few friends, a little church has been secured. "We have no preaching here, but every Sunday afternoon we hold Sunday-school with about twenty-five scholars. The parents are beginning to attend. Last week we had a supper and in the evening an entertainment was held to celebrate George Washington's birthday. We have started a Band of Hope, which meets every Saturday afternoon, with twenty-four members.—Our church is named All Souls, and we follow the advice of our Brooklyn friend, Mrs. C—, 'Always keep the door on the hinge for progression!'"

London, England.—The February Calendar of little Portland Street Chapel comes to hand, giving us a glimpse of life in an English Unitarian Church. For six days in the week there is work going on in the chapel or its dependencies. The Sunday-school has two sessions. Besides the regular church services morning and evening, there is a Sunday Institute on Sunday afternoon. On other days in the week, there is a Band of Hope, a Young Men's Club, Boys' Club, Congregational Society, Young Women's Club and Girls' Club. Any body who fancies the churches have gone to sleep in these days, would find it a great eye-opener to read the monthly calendars and annual reports that come to the desk of the field note editor.

Quincy, Mass.—The *Sounding Board* of the Quincy Church is no longer an oblong square of wood placed at an angle of forty-five degrees on the wall above and behind the minister's head, but a monthly parish paper, suggestive, work-inspiring, full of church news, and bright with artistic advertisements. We are also in receipt of a forty-page catalogue of the Sunday School Library, showing a large number of well selected books for children and young people. An Anniversary Book, giving a history of the church and some account of the great men who have gone out from it to bless the world, is now in press.

Kalamazoo, Mich.—The Secretary of the Western Conference preached in Kalamazoo on Sunday, March 2, in the absence of Miss Bartlett, officiated at a funeral on Monday, and on Monday evening lectured before Unity Club on "Naples and Environment," with magic-lantern illustrations. Under Miss Bartlett's administration over thirty new families have been added to the paying list of the parish, and the congregations are reported full on rainy Sundays.

Allston, Mass.—George D. Latimer, a Chicago boy, who a few years ago entered the Cambridge Divinity School from All Souls Church of this city, was recently ordained and installed as pastor of the Unitarian Church of the above place; C. G. Ames preaching the sermon. UNITY as well as the many friends of Mr. Latimer in the West, sends congratulations and fellowship.

Des Moines, Iowa.—Rev. Ida C. Hultin, of Des Moines, after long and serious illness is at her post again. She called at headquarters this week on her way to Detroit where she lectures and preaches in the Church of Our Father, Universalist, Miss Hultin's friends throughout the West will be glad to learn of her recovery.

BLESSED BE DRUDGERY.—A Sermon, mailed, 2c. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Pub's, Chicago

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Tues.— 'Tis nobleness to serve.
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Thurs.— Honor every truth by use.
Fri.— Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.
Sat.— A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature. —Emerson.

GRANDPA'S BEAUTY BOYS.

I wonder if any of the little readers of UNITY would like to hear about my two baby boys, Leslie and Lawrence.

Leslie's "busday," as he called it, came last week, and he invited Harry Brown to tea, and they had such a good time that the next morning he said, "Mamma, can I have another busday to-day?"

One morning he went into the china closet and helped himself to a two-cup teapot, the gift of a friend, saying, "Now, I make some tea."

I said, "Leslie must be careful of that; mamma wouldn't like to have it broken."

Quick as thought he turned and said, "If it breaks—an accident," meaning that should he unfortunately break it I must call it an accident, and not be angry. However, I thought it wiser not to risk one of his numerous accidents, and took it from him, giving him a metal one in its stead.

Last summer he and Lawrence were very fond of sitting on a sandy spot under the shade of the grape arbor, and making sand pies in little patty-pans. These pies were dignified with the names of apple, custard, mince, etc., and when all the pans were filled, Leslie would say to Lawrence, "Now we set them in the sun to bake; the sun is the fire." When the dark and dreary days of winter came, and they could no longer go out, they made pies of rice, apples and, sometimes, a piece of dough, and baked them in the oven.

Although Lawrence can not yet say many words, he can understand what is said to him, and makes his wishes known by pointing to the different objects, and talking in his own quaint, baby fashion. When he sees a pretty flower or picture, or anything which particularly pleases him, he says, "Pitty-cum-pitty." And when we want him to have or do something he doesn't like, he shakes his head, and in the most emphatic manner says, "No, no, no, no, no!"

He is a fat, good-natured baby, almost as broad as long, and holding Grandpa's hand, toddles, or rather waddles all over the house. It is his great delight to go up and down stairs, although Grandpa, whose legs are not so young as they once were, does not enjoy that part of the programme, but cannot refuse Lawrence when he points, and says, "Ah, Ah!" meaning stairs, stairs.

Lawrence is always so happy and beaming that we often call him "the boy with the smiling face," while Leslie who has a thoughtful brow, and is more serious, will say, somewhat defiantly, "I'se the boy wiz the frowning face."

Though sometimes inclined to be fretful, Leslie is a roguish little sprite, and has coined a name of his own for the baby, whom he will insist upon calling "Biddle." Thus every morning I am sure to be awakened by Leslie climbing over me to the baby, whom he salutes in this style: "Wake up, Biddle! It's after six, Biddle!" Biddle often resents this intrusion of his rights, and cuddles up to me for protection from the big brother who has not yet learned how to be gentle with the wee bairn.

They always want to go to bed together at night, but no sooner do the little heads touch the pillow than Leslie springs up, and in the most roguish manner says, "Now, Biddle, we'll have a folic." "Biddle" follows suit, and a frolic they have in spite of everybody and everything. They will roll and

tumble all over the bed, until it often has to be re-made. They talk, and shout, and laugh, until all tired out, they finally stretch their little limbs, and gently doze off into the land of Nod.

Bed-time and bath-time are regular frolic hours, and after one of the latter, when they have splashed like little dolphins, and emerged like young Tritons, all flushed and dripping, you would surely agree with Grandpa, who calls them "beauty boys." M. R. H.

A LITTLE KINGDOM.

We have no king in our country, but I have been thinking how every boy and girl is called to rule in a little kingdom. When the loved writer for children, Louisa Alcott, was a little girl she wrote in her journal a little poem about this kingdom.—The Sunday School Superintendent.

"A little kingdom I possess,
Where thoughts and feelings dwell:
And very hard I find the task
Of governing it well.

For passion tempts and troubles me;
A wayward will misleads,
And selfishness its shadow casts
On all my words and deeds.

How can I learn to rule myself,—
To be the child I should,—
Honest and brave, and never tire
Of trying to be good?

I do not ask for any crown
But that which all may win;
Nor try to conquer any world
Except the one within.

Be thou my guide until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
Thy happy kingdom in myself,
And dare to take command."

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Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—they are not, and besides are dangerous. JAMES PYLE, New York.

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Ten Weeks Ten Cents.—UNITY will be sent ten weeks on trial to any name not now on our list for ten cents. Many subscribers have sent an extra dollar on renewing, to pay for sending UNITY to ten of their friends. Can not others help in this way?

Renewals are Due.—Many renewals have come in since March 1, but many more are due, and our friends will save us much trouble and expense by sending on the money without any further reminder. If your paper comes with a printed label, the date opposite your name will tell you whether this means you or not.

CHICAGO CALENDAR.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH.—Corner Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. David Utter, minister. Services at 10:45 A. M.

UNITY CHURCH.—Corner Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Thomas G. Milsted, minister. Sunday services at 10:45 A. M.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH.—Corner Monroe and Laflin streets. James Vila Blake, minister. Sunday, March 16, Mr. Blake will preach at 11:00 A. M. on "Under Marching Orders," and will lecture at 10:15 A. M. in the church parlors, on "The Teachings of Confucius." Unity Club, Monday evening, March 17, at 7:30, in the church parlors.

ALL SOULS CHURCH.—Corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, minister. Sunday, March 16, Mr. Jones will preach, subject, "Heaven." Sunday-school at 9:30 A. M. The Pastor of All Souls Church is giving a series of four Conversational Lectures and Inquiry Meetings, with special reference to the needs of those who may be considering their relations to All Souls Church, and the wisdom of joining the same next Easter Day. The meetings will begin 3:30 Sunday afternoons, as follows:

March 16th: What we think of Christianity.
March 23d: What we think of Unitarianism.
March 30th: All Souls Church—its membership and its purposes.

UNITY CHURCH, Hinsdale.—Herbert Taft Root, minister. Sunday services at 10:45 A. M.

PROF. FELIX ADLER will lecture at Emerson Hall, 45 Randolph st., Thursday evening, March 20. Subject, "Is it Possible to Teach Religion to Children." Admission, 50 cents.

Western Unitarian Conference.

The Treasurer of the Conference has received the following sums on account of current expenses for year ending May 1, 1890:

Amount previously acknowledged	\$1,390 31
Miss Harriet S. Tolman, Boston, Mass.	20 00
Unity Church, Monmouth, Rev. S. B. Loomis.	10 00
Mrs. L. S. Wilkinson, Guaranty, for Life Membership.	25 00
All Souls Church, Chicago, on account.	45 00
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FOR ENDOWMENT FUND.

Amount paid in previously acknowledged	\$ 122 00
Wm. S. S. Hunting, Quincy, Mass.	200 00
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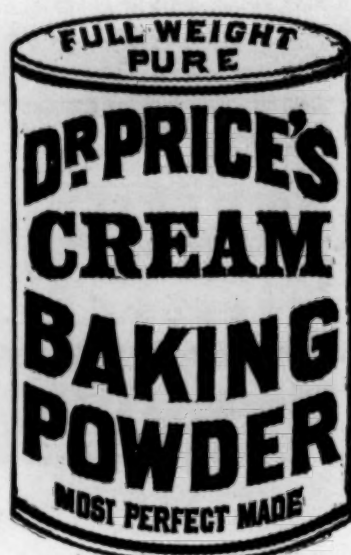
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